OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

Volume 17. Barium Springs, N. C., Thursday, February 29, 1912. Number 47.

The Day Is Dark.

The day is dark my father, everywhere,
Gloom hangs a veil, o'er heav'n and earth, and sea.
All nature seems this qualmish gloom to share.
At such a time, we only look to Thee.

Where should we go, when arching skies are dark,
And earth is shadow'd by a gloom like night,
And seas are tossing many a struggling bark?
But to the Master; who commands the light.

When dark days come, ah! we forget the sun,
That shone so brightly only yesterday.
And we forget the journey's we have won.
Sigh and complain, that sunshine does not stay.

There's not a day so dark, it has no light.
The storm so fearful, it shall drift away.
Beyond the darkness is the sunshine bright.
Beyond the gloom, shines an eternal day.

Wm. LAURIE HILL
Barium Springs, Feb 22nd 1912

"SUFFICIENT TO FINISH IT."

By Evelyn Orchard.

Charlotte Frayne had had a long, grey day in the Boarding school where she earned her bread. She had reached her desk in the first dull hour of the working day with an unspeakable sense of depression, of actual apprehension. The rows of waiting children in front of her filled her with a sort of sheer terror, the schedule of the day's work, though explicit and unmistakable, failed to grip her mind. She set them to a dictation lesson greatly to their surprise, they being just as au, fait as their teacher with the regular routine. Any departure from it was unusual and provocative of much inward perturbation. It was the third standard Miss Frayne was responsible for, and arithmetic was the lesson she deliberately shirked. She was so tired, mentally and physically, she felt herself incapable of any effort requiring the slightest concentration. To chalk up problems on the blackboard, and elucidate them figure by figure, she knew was beyond her that morning. She had been tired yesterday, and many yesterdays before that, and would not admit to herself that she was on the verge of collapse.

"Teacher's ill," they whispered one to another, as they saw her sit down suddenly at her desk, and cover her face with her hands. One small slip of a girl, kinder, or at least bolder than the rest, ventured from her place and went up to her timidly.

"Please, Miss Frayne, are you ill? Can I get you something, or run for somebody?"

The waiting scholars, with necks craned and ears strained for the answer, heard one which astonished them, and left them wholly in the dark. The words which fell slowly from their teacher's lips while she looked round upon them vaguely were these, "Lord, give me sufficient to finish it." Then see remembered no more.

When she came to herself, she was lying in a strange bed in a room she had never seen before. She closed her eyes, and tried to think. But the effort made her brain whirl, and her face flush, and she stretched out her thin hands feebly as if trying to beat the air. Then someone spoke.

"What, what, all right, eh? Well, you have given us all a fright."

It was a man's voice, and when she opened her eyes she saw a kindly, clean-shaven face not many yards away; a shrewd, clever face with eyes that had the power to look through you.

"Please tell me who you are, and where I am?"

"You're in the house of a friend, and I'm your doctor; will that do for the present?"

"How did I come here?"

"You were fetched in a fly which my mother had engaged by the hour to convey her to a certain school she happened to be interested in. I'm a member of your School Board, and if I'd been doing my duty as I ought, you would have been off work a good many weeks before you collapsed."

"Oh," said Charlotte weakly; "but why wasn't I taken to my lodgings?"

"For the very good reason that nobody happened to know where they were situated. My mother is a very old-fashioned person, and it gave her a tune, as she expressed it, to think that in all that great building people could be working side by side without knowing the elementary facts about one another. Now, no more questions, if you please; I will bring my mother. She has been very anxious indeed about you."

But first he studied her pulse and took her temperature, and then left her to her own reflections, which, had she had sufficient strength to pursue them, must have been surprising ones. But she was too weak to do aught except lie still, and she did that with all her might.

After a little interval she was conscious that the door opened and two persons entered—the doctor, with his kind, alert face and brusque ways, and a small, bird-like woman in a widow's frock and cap, carrying a little silver tray, on which stood a covered dish.

Over a late dinner that evening the Doctor and his mother discussed their invalid upstairs.

"I'm very sorry for her, Barry. She told me a little about herself this evening, after I had persuaded her to take a cup of tea with me. She is a clergyman's daughter, and an orphan. I am afraid she has had rather a hard life. Teaching must be terrible work when one is not strong. Think of the hours on one's feet."

"But there isn't any reason why Miss—Miss——"

"Frayne," put in his mother gently, as she served out the souffle, at the same time remarking that Eliza had surpassed herself.

"I was trying to say that there isn't any reason why Miss Frayne should not be strong. She is perfectly sound. What she wants is rest and fresh air. These classrooms, in spite of all we do, leave much to be desired. She has a relaxed throat, and of heart that wants toning up. If she goes back to Scar's-lane School, it'll probably mean hospital before the end of the term."

"Oh, poor thing! She hasn't any people. I should like to keep her, Barry, but perhaps we can leave it for a few days, until things develop of their own accord."

Barry Wentworth smiled, the unbelieving smile of the man who knew his mother to be a helper, if not exactly an arbiter of destiny. How many had she helped over the rough and stony ground? The multitude of them would have filled a book. He made no demur, however, and he was quite willing to do his share towards the physical regeneration of Charlotte Frayne.

She picked up a little, but when she attempted to rise, her weakness was pitiable. It happened that Doctor Wentworth came into the room on the second afternoon she had attempted it, and found her lying quite exhausted on the chintz-covered couch towards which she had tottered.

"I thought that after yesterday's experiment we ageed that your should stop in bed a few more days," he said severeley.

"And my mother is out. It isn't fair treatment, Miss Frayne; is it now?"

"Oh, but, Doctor Wentworth you see it means so much to me. I hoped to get back to school on Monday; indeed, I must, or it will be serious for me."

"It will be a lot more serious if you do go, but just tell me what you mean?"

"I am so much afraid that they will discharge me. Would it be likely now that I should ever get a situation so good? I have seventy pounds a year. It is a great deal of money for a woman like me."

"Indeed it is; an absurd and colossal fortune," he answersed gravely.

"At least, you will permit me to go back to my lodgings. I mustn't trouble you further."

"I might not have such stupendous objections to that, only, unfortunately, they have let them over your head, as they say, and my mother fetched all your things away yesterday."

"Oh!" said Charlotte. desperately. "How very unkind, yet I owed her nothing."

"It is a little way land-ladies have—that is, some of them. She explained that he was a permency, and 'payin' andsome.' Don't let us trouble about her. So you see, Miss Frayne, circumstances have combined to keep you here and we. but especially my mother are very glad to have you."

"I am sure she has been overwhelmingly kind, but it distresses me that I see no chance of my ever being able to ackonowledge or repay it."

"There is a good deal of kindness going abut the world, even in these degenerate days, which seeks neither acknowledgment notpayment. My mother's belongs to that oder. She was saying at breakfast this morning that you had happened opportunely. She wants to go abroad for a month, and has nobody to occampany her. She deputed me to ask you to-day; that is, indeed why I have come in this afternoon, just in time to catch you at your pranks."

Charlotte's fine grey eyes suddenly overflowed. Being a singular.y reserved and undemonstrative person, this distressed her unduly.

"I don't knowwhat to say. I feel rather helpless. I'm afraid I must leave everything to you, Doctor Wentworth," she added looking across at him with a sudden halftmile which gave such sweetness to her worn face that the man, long self. centred, felt conscious of an odd thrill. She was middle-aged, he had decided when he saw her first, now he was not sure whether she exceeded twenty-five.

"How old are you Miss Frayne?" he inquired, with the air of a man who was accustomed to ask unchallenged sueh personal questions.

"I'm twent-nine, I believe," answered Charlotte. "But just lately I think I must have aged rapidly, and nearly reached fifty."

"Well, as your medical advisor I bar teaching for twelve months at least, and I order you abroad. This will please my mother immensely. Good afternoon, Miss Franye. Have another sleep. They shall bring you an early cup of tea in an hour's time."

He departed casually as he had come, and Charlotte lay back in a wonder of,amaze. Very, very tired she was, and glad to be legislated for, but the mystery seemed lo deepen. Out from under the cushion she slipped her Bible, and began to read. Then she remembered the words that had rushed to her lips on the day when darkness overtook her. "Lord, give me sufficient to finish it." Her prayer was answered indeed, but in a very different way from that she had expected- She had a happy hour dozing and dreaming in the firelight, feeling like a child who has wise and loving people to think and act for her, and who is unafraid. Mrs. Wentworth, smiling all over her face, entered with the tea-tray.

"This was my hospital day. my dear; you know I spend one afternoon a week at the hospital where my son is one of the surgeons. I had to leave when he came to do his work. He had just time to tell me you have promised to go abroad with me."

He promised; I don't remember saying anything," said Charlotte smiling too, with just a suspicion of archness.

"He goes his own way; but, my dear, it will do you good, and I am nearly certain you are the person I have been looking for. My son is quite determined that you shall not go back to teach at least, in that school; in fact, he laid your resignation before the Board when it met yesterday."

"Oh" said Charlotte, rather weakly. He did not say anything about that."

"Very likely not; but he generally gets his own way. All you have to do, then, is to get well quickly, for I do want to be out of England in March."

"Where am I now?" asked Charlotte, humbly. "I mean, where is this house situated?"

Mrs. Wentworth laughed with the utmost heartiness.

"Didn't I say so? You are the least curious person I've ever met, and it's very restful. This house is in Wimpole-street. It belonged to Barry's father. He practised in it for forty years, and my son is carrying on all the old traditions of the house."

"I could name them: mercy, and loving kindness, and truth, said Charlotte. "God must love this house."

Mrs. Wentworth stooped down suddenly, and kissed her.

"Yes, my dear, I think He does. He has never left it in sorrow or in joy. He has allowed it to be one of His temples."

"And He brought me to it"' said Charlotte, in deep reverie of thankfulness. "At the very moment when I had to give up, He brought me here."

,'I hope it is going to be your home, my dear," said Mrs. Wentworth, and afterwards, when it became Charlotte Frayne's home in reality. they recalled the words that had even then a kind of prophetic ring in them.

WANTED A MAN

A matter of fact story

In large letters these words were, painted with a marking brush on a shingle and nailed to a hitching post in a certain small city. Beneath these words were also inscribed "Call on Jacob Conley." Now Jacob Conley was the richest man in his county, and owned a number of farms, at the same time he was carrying on the largest mercantile business in this thriving little city of Norwood.

Such a sign in such a place, attracted much attention, and Mr. Conley's office soon became a storm centre as a number of men out of a job, made it their business to call on Mr. Conley, that they might find out, just what sort of a man was wanted.

First came a tall stout fellow who was known as lazy Jackson, his real name was Hezekiah. He was looking for little work and large pay." "Say Mr. Conley, said Jackson, that shingle says you want a man?"

"In the first place Jackson I want an honest able bodied man to look after stock. I want a man who dont drink, swear or gamble knows how to keep the peace with his neigbours, and attend strictly to business. Do you know such a man Jackson?"

"I dont sir, not in all my quaintance, and I thlnk you are looking for an angel and not a stock man."

"Do you drink Jackson."

"Yes sir sometimes."

"Do you cuss?"

"Casionally sir."

"I am not surprized Jackson that you dont know the good men, they would'nt likely hunt you up. Not to make matters short I would say Jackson you are not the man I am looking for, good day!"

Several other callers met with no better success than Jackson, but finally a man came in, who was unknown to Mr. Conley, but his personality was rather striking, and his manner blunt, but respectful, and to the point.

"You are Mr. Conley?"

"Yes, that's my name."

"I see you want a man, I am six feet high, weight 185lbs, and am not afraid of work. My name is Joel Barker, and have just lost a mighty good job."

"Where have you been living Mr. Barker.?

Over across the river at Mr. Amos Barton's sir, and I have lived with him for five years.

He has sold out, and the man who bought, will run the place himself, and has no need of me." Now Mr. Barker, I know Mr. Barton "he is a good man, and his word goes far: but I never employ any man, until I put him through my catechism. Do you drink, smoke, swear or gamble, and are you a peaceable neighbour.?"

"I am a tetotaler, dont use tobacco, never swear, nor have I ever gambled in my life. As to being a good neighhour I refer you to people I have lived by for years.

"Have you a family?"

"Yes sir, a wife and two sons and a daughter, all of them are in their teens, and able to work in a time of stress."

"Well Mr. Barker. I think you are the man I am looking for: and I believe you are a man sure enough. There are many men who look like the real thing, but when you come to know them. you find them to be more animal than man. Such men cannot work for me if I find them out in time. You have doubtless heard of my place called "Barley?"

"Oh yes sir! Mr Amos says its one of the best farms there is."

"Well Barley is without a manager just now, and I have only a foreman holding things together there. I want you to move there at once, and am willing to make liberal terms for the right man. I will give you six-hundred dollars a year wages, and give you besides, a fourth interest in the net profits each year.

If you manage the crops, sheep, hogs, and cattle as I think you can, this arrangement ought to make you some, money what do you say?" "The terms are fair Mr. Conley, and I gratefully acceptthem, for really I did'nt know exactly what to do, as the sale of the place I am on, was rather sudden: but, that shingle told me that you wanted a man, and I believe the Lord sent me to you." He certainly did Barker, and if you live up to all you say, we will never part: it pays to be a genuine man.

The Day After

By Emma L. Trauseau

Carl Barryman was a fourteen-year-old boy, who lived near a great iron foundry. His father worked in the foundry, where he helped tend a crane that lifted huge blocks of redhot iron and swung them into the places where they were wanted. The crane was suspended from an over-head trolley track.

The movements of the crane were guided by electric wires running out from a cab up near the tracks. A man sat in the cab and switched the wires that guided the crane.

One Monday these wires got out of order, and it was necessary for some one to climb up above the cab, walk along the narrow trolley track to the place where the wires had got crossed and separate them. Carl's father was called on to do the work.

It happened just at noon, when Carl was bringing in his father's dinner, and his heart nearly stood still as he heard the order. It was not that he doubted his father's ability, ordinarily, to do such a dangerous piece of work, but this day it was different. That very morning his mother had urged his father not to go to work, and he knew very well for what reason.

"I've got to go or I'll get fired," Mr. Barryman had answerek, and accordingly went.

So now Carl stood with pale face watching his father start for the dizzy height, where the air was dim with smoke and steam and suffocating with gases.

He reached the trolley track made his way along it, no one but Carl noting that he tottered from time to time and threw out his arms to keep his balance. Suddenly he swayed far to one side, nearly over the mass of red-hot iron. Fortunately a pillar stood within reach of his hand, and by grasping it he kept himself from falling and stood dazed beside it holding fast.

In a second Carl sprang up the iron work beside him to the trolley track above. He had been in the shop so often watching the men at work that he knew the ways and what was required nearly as well as his father. He ran along the track to the place where Mr. Barryman was standing. "Father," he shouted above the noise, "Stay where you are; I'm coming."

Slowly the man turned his head and looked at his son with a bewildered expressing,

"Father you stay here and let me do it. I know just what is to be done."

Before Mr. Barryman could make any objection the boy had passed him and was on his way to the source of trouble. Nimbly as a cat he climbed witnin reach of the crossed wires, skillfully parted them and pushed them to their proper places.

Only the foreman and a few others had noticed the boy's act, and now they stood looking and wondering.

"Father isn't well this morning," said Carl to the foreman as he came down; "he is dizzy. Can't you send a man with a ladder to help him down?"

"Why didn't he tell me he was sick," grumbled the foreman. "Here, Jake, go help him down," and after seeing that his order was being carried out he turned to other matters claiming his attention.

When Mr. Barryman reached the ground he looked pale even beneath the foundry grime, and his comrades readily believed that he was sick.

"Come out into the air to eat your dinner, father, and you will feel better," said Carl, picking up the dinner he had brought and leading the way outside.

On some overturned molding-boxes in the shade of a building they sat down and Carl opened the dinner-pail. But his father, in stead of taking the food held out to him, rubbed his hand across his eyes, and, straightening up, said:

"Carl, that was a brave thing you did. If I had taken another step I should have gone down. You have saved my life, and now, my boy, I'm going to do differently. I promise you and your mother, here and now, to cut out the drink from this time on."

"I knew you would, father," said Carl. "I knew you were too sensible a men to let drink get the best of you, as it has been doing lately."

"Yes," confessed the father, "it has. I knew it, and I know I ought to quit. I've been in with the wrong kind of men, and I have done as they did, but this has taught me a lesson. That was a close call, and all from that boozing yesterday. If Jim Raymond knew that was the matter with me he'd fire me. He's been looking at me pretty sharp lately. I guess he has supected I've been drinking too much, and the only way to keep from drinking too much is not to touch it at all."

"That's right, father, As our school books say, it isn't like milk. When you take a little you don't care whether you take more or not; and it doesn't take very much more to make your nerves unsteady for some time afterward. I'm never going to touch it."

"That's right, my boy, and from now on I'm going to set you the right kind of an example for what you did for me this morning. We'll travel the total abstinence road together, both of us."

And so they did.

Four Additional Counties To Have Hookworm Dispensaries.

Thirty—One Counties Total Number

The counties of Martin, Greene, Lenoir and Duplin have made provision during February to have the State and County Dispensaries for the free examination and treatment for hookworm disease. These additions bring the total number of counties making such provision to thirty-one. The work has been completed in twenty counties. The work is carried on simultaneously in five counties. Up to this time the records show that about 60,000 people have been treated. Many of the results of cures may be seen in each county and are truly remarkable.

We want more clubs for "Our Fatherless Ones." There are good men and women in every congregation, who might give an hours time to getting up one. It is time well spent, and our Home will be grateful for the service rendered. Let our friends get busy.

OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

WM. LAURIE HILL. Editor.

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PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME.

REV. W. T. WALKER, Supt. and Treas.

Barium Springs, - - North Carolina.

An Institution of the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina for the Care of Orphan Children.

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Thursday, February 29, 1912

RELIABILITY A CRYING NEED.

In all branches of business the one quality in character that counts, is reliability. A man may be a genious, know how to do some difficult things well, and under the spur of necessity may do it. But the great question is, can you depend upon him to do it without watching?"

First we want reliability as to your knowledge of how to do things.

Next we need that reliability applied to the doing of those things.

The boy or the man who is an eye servant and only does his best while he is being watched, is an unworthy workman, who, when he goes out into the world to work for himself, will be always changing his job, for the reason that people cannot rely on him.

Beginning with the highest occupation, and descending to the humblest walk in life, the great demand is reliability.

This reliability applies to both men and women. It is said that the reason so many women are being employed as cashiers in large mercantile houses is, that they are more honest and dependable than men, and therefore it behoves the boys that are growing up into men to cultivate, that throughness and reliability that makes the man who is wanted.

PUBLIC HEALTH A LIVE PROBLEM

We have received a bulletin from The North Carolina State Board of Health considering municipal health conditions.

Where people congregate in our towns and cities the health problem becomes indeed a live one. This bulletin shows that the average death rate in the United States is 16.1 per cent. While the following cities in North Carolina show the percentages given.

Raleigh 27.9, Wilmington 20.8, Winston 20.3, Durham 19.9, Asheville I9.7, Greensboro 19. and Charlotte 17.7.

The death rate of Raleigh looks large, and we can only account for it by the presence of a large Africa population, for among the negroes it is hard to enforce sanitary regulations.

The expectation of life can only be sustained by the very rigid enforcement of sanitary laws in every community.

The Scramble For Office.

It is sad to see the politicians of to-day regardless of party scrambling for "the loaves and fishes."

The man who aspires first to the Legislature is not satisfied he thinks he is big enough to be a congressman, and then he thinks that, entirely to small a place for a man of his caliber: So he offers for Governer. If fortune favours him he moves into the Governers mansion, but does not get good fires built before he begin to scheme for a Senatorship and so it goes.

"Man never is ; but always to be blest."

The old fashioned way of "the office seeking the man" seems to have passed out but, it is the proper way to choose repesentative men.

It is belittling the office to scramble for a nomination and it has got to be a questionable honor to belong to the United States Senate, that body should be the highest and most honorable in the land, but if we are to take seriously the investigations now on foot to unseat two Senators, we are led to see that the modern methods of reaching the United States Senate are just about as crooked in some parts of our Country as a snake track.

AN UNWRITTEN LAW

Let us hope that the idea that seems fixed in the mind of the America, that no man should serve more than two terms as President, is really an unwritten law.

Let a man be ever so clever no matter what his fitness to serve, he should not have the cheek to ask any people to vote him into the Presidency for a third term.

We hope if Roosevelt tries it he will be snowed under so deep, as to be beyond political resurrection.

CASH RECEIPTS DECEMBER 1911

ALBEMARLE PRESBYTETY

Churches

Goldsboro	$74 45
Wilson1st	37 05
Warrenton	5 00
Henderson	83 37
Raleigh 1st	191 53

Sunday Schools

Greenville	$20 00
New Bern	2 91
Goldsboro	9 39
Rocky mt	2 87

Societies

A H Moment classRaleigh 1st ch	7 25
Miriams	1 50

Asheville Presbytery

Churches

Asheville	$14 76
Hendersonsville	11 14
Memorial	2 25
Montreat	4 32
Waynesville	7 25

Societies

Covenanters Hendersonville ch	$2 00

CONCORD PRESBYTERY

Churches

Gilwood	$3 75
Barium Springs	4 84
Hickory	42 21
Mocksville	13 50
Front St	5 88
Patterson mill	7 60
Statesville 1st	112 45
Bethesda	2 60
Sailsbury	110 00
Moorseville 2nd	7 50
Concord	18 28
Newton	30 00
Canonville	8 50
Lenoir	24 00
Taylorsville	13 50
Poplar Tent	17 00
Siloam	4 30
Moorsville1st	33 67
Rocky River	20 00
Thyatira	6 15
Back Creek	8 35
Banner Elk	5 12
Quaker Meadows	4 00
Morganton	38 00
Cleveland	6 50

Sunday Schools

Davidson	3 75
Statesville	25 70
Moorsville1st	12 26
Taylorsville	18 00
Siloam	5 20
Thyatira	1 45
Primary Dept Moorseville 1st	2 00
Gilwood S S	2 70
Concord 1st ch	45 09
Mocksville	12 63
Salisbury 1st ch	52 46
Concord Iredell	5 15
Hickory	11 42

Societies

Lad So Gilwood ch	2 25
Children So Gilwood ch	1 00
Lad Aid So Harrisburg	1 00
Kings Daughters Salisbury	5 00
Lad Thyatira ch	3 00
Lenoir Brotherhood	6 00

FAYETTEVILLE PRESBYTERY

Churches

Parkton	21 60
Godwin	11 50
St Andrews	29 00
Eupronia	4 70
Mt Phisgah	4 53
Philadelphus	7 50
Lumberton	105 10
Bluff	11 40
Culdee	15 25
Galatia	2 80
Ida Mills	20 28
Carthage	47 28
Mc Pherson	13 50
Aberdeen	10 50
Antioch	19 26
Maxton	112 11
Red Springs	38 27
Apex	23 00
Big Rockfish	3 12
Smithfield	19 80
Montpelier	101 18
Fayetteville	122 49
Gibson	5 00
Gulf	7 70
Jonesboro	9 10
White Hill	9 75
St Pauls	27 62
Laurel Hill	61 42
Smyrna	9 10
Centre	39 95
Mt Gilead	28 45
Haymount	15 00
Laurnburg	63 49
Bethesda	43 35
Raeford	80 29
Dunn	31 00
Sherwood	25 00
Manley	6 50
Long St	3 50
Elise	4 05
Bethel	37 00

Sunday Schools

Pittsboro	5 00
Parkton	5 00
Duke	7 40
Lumber Bridge	4 50
Maxton	48 06
Smithfield	13 70
Smyrna	5 75
Laurinburg	11 25
Vass	5 75
Mc Pherson	6 00
Raeford	24 99
Jackson Springs	3 64
Glen Echo	1 42
Dunn	3 90
Elise	5 95

Societies

Lad of Aberdeen ch	3 00
Lad Aid So Godwin ch	6 00
Busy Bee So Antioch	10 00
Lad Aid So Rowland	13 00

Kings Mountain Presby.

Churches

Lowell	6 25
Shelby	41 05
New Hope	5 00
Union	37 58
Olny	25 00
Gastonia	10 25
Castania	5 30
Macpelah	2 50
Unity	14 00
Union Mills	1 18
Brittain	2 19
Stanley Creek	7 36
Bessemer City	5 00
Bethany	1 15
Lincolnton	14 80
Lowell	25 00

Sunday Schools

Lowell	6 12
Forest City	2 59
Kings Mtn	3 53

Societies

Lad. Aid So., Dallas Ch	6 00

Mecklenburg Presbytery

Churches

Pineville	8 70
Charlotte1st	171 40
Altan	80
Huntersville	17 58
Albemarle	6 25
Waxhaw	4 50
Seversville	10 75
Locust	2 10
Hopewell	5 00
West Ave	3 25
Steele Creek	37 00
Sharon	2 10
Matthews	4 81
Bethel	6 35
Mallard Creek	7 00
Newells	4 08
Mulberry	12 25
Williams Memorial	2 36
Charlotte 2nd	127 92

Sunday Schools

C P Brown's S S Class Steele Creek	8 00
Miss Herron's Class Charlotte 2nd Ch	2 50
Tenth Ave	10 60
Morven	7 45

Societies

Christian Endeavor Williams Memo Ch	90
Lad Aid & Orphanage So Charlotte 1nd Ch	36 00

Orange Presbytery

CHUCHES

The Red House Ch	28 00
Lexington 1st	31 00
Greensboro 1st	304 62
Westminister [G]	30 75
Hillsboro	11 30
Winston 1st Ch	104 00
Bnrlington	27 85
Fairfield	31 33
Ch of Covenant	24 00
Durham 1st	237 89
Mt. Airy	35 12
High Point	20 00
Leaksville	1 50
Asheboro	5 81
Buffalo	10 00
Eno	1 00
Mebane	6 75
N Wilkesboro	71 28
Stony Creek	3 50
Little River	42 00
Edgemont	28 22
Reidsville	57 50

Sunday Schools

Midway	3 88
Durham 1st	375 00
Efland	1 25
Buffalo	3 18
High Point	6 00
Westminister	24 00
Miss M E Collis class Westminister (G)	1 00
Asheboro	4 85
Mebane	5 00
N Wilkesboro	5 34
Chapel Hill	1 20

Societies

Lad Mis S Durham	1 00
Christian Endeavor So Winston 1st Ch	15 00
Ladies Emporium Greensboro	40
Willing Workers So N Wilkesboro Ch	1 00
Lad aid and Mis So Westminister ch (G)	6 00
Young men's class Burlington	6 66
Emma Gray So Greensbro 1st	6 75
Light Bearers Mebane ch	4 00
Lad aid so N Wilkesboro	1 00

Wilmington Presbytery

Whiteville	32 60
Caswell	9 25
Mt Williams	4 65
New Hope	2 15
St Andrews	59 50
L C Graves Memorial	36 71
Mt Olive	1 90
Hopewell	4 00
Elizabethton	5 00
Warsaw	15 00
Grove	10 76
Duplin Roads	42 52
Wilmington 1st	1 25

Sunday Schools

Elizabethton	5 00
St Andrews	6 25
Harmony	10 00
Duplin Roads	16 39
Clarkton	10 00
Oak Plain Mission	4 00
Whiteville	1 66
Clinton	7 11
Grove	3 00

Press Fund

W J McLaughlin for subs	5 40
Miss Cleone Hobbs	1 00
Greensboro 1st ch fop subs	14 40
Mr Jas T Porter	1 00
Miss Mary R Goodman	1 00
Mrs W A Potts	1 00
Miss C C Butterworth	1 00
Ladies Emporium	60
Miss Mary Tesh	60
Mrs C W Fowler	1 00
W M Cummings	1 00
Miss I K Kindrick	60
T W Wood and Sons for adv	2 40
Miss Margaret Herring	1 00
Mrs Jon R Kenly	1 00
Miss Margaret Harrington	1 00
W R Mills	1 00
W L Hill for subs	34 00
C N G Butt	1 00
Chas M Stieff, for adv	4 00
J T Russell	1 00
Rev D I Craig	1 00
T W Marrison	1 00
W T McQueen	1 00
G A Martin	1 00
Miss Annie Bracy	1 00
R H Spainhour	1 00
Mrs W R Coppedge	1 00

Permanent Improvements

Miss M J Coit Salisbury	5 00
Josiah Cook Wade	5 00
Greensboro 1st ch	167 00
Jas P Stowe Charlotte	5 00
L C McKay Huntersville	5 00
Maxton ch	5 00
Centre ch	5 00
Statesville 1st ch	6 00
L Shaw St Pauls	7 50
Paw Creek ch	7 70
Bethlehem ch	10 50

Individuals

Friend in Pittsboro	8 50
Friend in Elmwood	1 00
Friend in Swan Quarter	2 00
Miss Alberta Robinson	1 00
Mrs Abner Robinson	50
E W Smith	2 00
Mrs E W Smith	5 00
Rev C N Wharten	2 50
Mr and Mrs Munroe	1 00
E A Snow	6 00
Mrs Laura Phillips	1 00
Miss Kate Monroe	50
Mr Coble	1 50
J E Sloop	5 00
J M Rogers	20 38
Mrs Kathorine Reynolds	10 00
Mrs C M Steele	4 25
Friend in Townsville	20 00
Mrs W T Clark	6 00
Mrs A P Thorpe	3 00
Mrs R H Dalrymple	4 00
Friends in St Paul's church Charlotte	4 00
Williamson Baker & Dupy	6 00
Friend in Lenoir	12 00
Geo A Holderness	6 00
Dr A S Rose	6 00
F P Tate	6 00
Friend at Newton	15 00
Mrs J L Rodman	1 20
Mrs J P Eddleman	6 00
Geo W Campbell	3 00
C E Terrell	9 45
Jas Sloan	5 00
Friends in Biscoe	12 55
Mrs J T Anderson	1 00
S E Tucker	5 00
Mrs W A Sharpe	6 00
W P Todd	5 00
A C Lewis	25 00
D H Ray	25 00
A T McKellar	75
Mrs Withers	5 00
Miss N Robertson	1 74
R M Alexander	10 00
Mrs Walter Mc Eachin	3 00
Miss Lena V Lyon	1 00
Mrs M M Bost	4 00
Mission points in Wake Co	5 61
Frank Gurley	10 00
The Witherspoon children	1 25
Mrs Williams	2 00
Friends in Rocky Point	14 00
Jas H Chadbourn	25 00
Mrs H Hemphill	1 00
L C Hubbard and family	10 00
Jno Webb	5 00
Robert De Vane Croom Jr	5 00
C B Cox	5 00
Lincolnton Public Schools	3 00
Y M C A Red Springs	15 00

Summary

Albemarle Presbytery	$ 435 32
Asheville Presbtery	41 72
Concord Presbytery	763 76
Fayetteville Presbytery	1435 75
Kings Mountain Presbytery	221 85
Mecklenburg Presbytery	499 65
Orange Persbytery	1586 03
Wilmington Presbytery	288 70
Press	81 90
Permanent Improvements	228 70
Individuals	394 68
Total	5,978 06

A Trying Month For Birds

Don't forget to feed the woodpeckers during the cold winter months, especially during March, when food for the birds is scarce. A piece of suet or fat meat, tacked to a convenient tree, will soon call several pairs of feathered guests to dine; and they will more than repay the trouble of tacking up the suet, by diligently searching every crack and crevice in the bark of all near-by trees for eggs and larvae of insects which would injure the trees.

Downy woodpeckers, nuthatches and chickadees will come in plenty, with an occasional hairy woodpecker.

It is estimated that every day, a single woodpecker will devour hundreds of insects' eggs. If we were careful to protect and feed these natural protectors of our trees, we should have less spraying to do every year, and thus by a little forethought many dollars might be saved.

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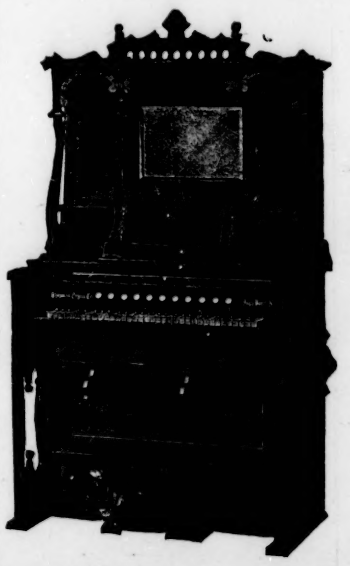

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All money should be sent to Rev W. T. Walker, Supt. and Treasurer, Barium Springs, N. C. Money Orders should be made payable at Barium Springs, as this is now a money order office. Money can now be sent by express money order as we have an express office here.

All supplies sent by freight will be stopped at Barium Springs, if charges are prepaid. If charges are not prepaid, supplies should be sent to Troutman, N. C. To get supplies forwarded without charge, application must be previously made to the general manager of freight through your local agent.

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Form of Bequest

To the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, Barium Springs, N. C.: "I give, devise and bequeath to the Regents of the Orphans' Home of the Presbyterian Church of the State of North Carolina, the following: * * * * * *"

The will should be properly executed with two witnesses.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1912

HOME HAPPENINGS

The ladies of Lumberton church have sent us 14 quilts, a very acceptable gift for which we thank them.

The ladies Aid Society of The Presbyterian Church of Kings Mountain have sent us two bolts of table linon that came in the nick of time, our lady friends have a way of knowing just what we need.

A machinest from the Mecklenburg Iron works Charlotte, has come and reports that with new flues, our boiler will be as good as new, he is at work to make it so, and we are rejoicing in the prospect of power within a few days.

Miss McEachin who has been away on a much needed vacation. Reports that she is having a delightful visit to old Laurnburg and hopes to return to us by the 1st of March. Who cculd'nt have a good time at Laurnburg? we have been there.

Mr. Geo. Allen of Raleigh N. C. has just, sent us 50 copies of his work on the science of accounts also one copy of his large work on the same subject, the first for use in the school, the last for the use of the teachers.

We had a visit from Rev. W. S. Wilson of Mooresville on last Monday who brought us too orphan boys Roy and Harvey Wilson who are from his charge, and are now inmates of Synods Cottage: They seem to be nice little fellows.

The last poles, are being placed and connecting wires are being adjusted. The last cottage, on the campus except the Infirmary will soon be ready for the lamps, and within a short time now, we may hope to have the long expected lights.

"What does the word damsel mean?" asked the teacher. There were various answers made, but one chap said, "It's a kind of a, kind of a plum." "No," said the teacher, "that word is damson, not damsel." "I'm sure mam there is a damsel plum."

Roy Wade is one of out small boys with a large appetite. The other day there was a cracklen pone in front of him. He reached out to break off the piece with the cracklen in it, but missed the cracklen. Roy didn't do a thing but reach out and seize the big cracklen and take to his plate whence it very quickly disappeared into his receptive little mouth.

Rev. A. R. Caldwell of High Point is on a visit to the Lodge and is having some building done at the Hotel.

He is excavating a cellar and expects to have a cool Dinding-room made there with concrete floor and will install other improvements.

We also chronicle the arrival of Master David John Caldwell at High Point Manse. May the child prove a worthy desendent of his honnored name-sake.

February has been a month of storms. Rain! rain! rain! about every other day, with a little freezing along with it. The sunshiny days have been few, but they were exceptionally beautiful, showing how much nature rejoices in contrasts. While I write the sky is about the colour of pea soup and rain is pouring down, as if there were no more sunshine left.

The prayer meeting on Tuesday night was well attended and Mr. Walsh gave us a good talk on the parable of the washing and anointing of Jesus by the woman that was a sinner; at Simon's house. There are many Simon's in the world, always ready to find fault with a good action done to a bad subject. The cleansing power of Jesus, made that poor woman cleaner than was Simon.

Mrs. Rebecca Jackson of Fuquay Springs returned to her home on Friday. Her visit to Barium was a sad one, and we are sure her heart is with us as she remembers the grave of Earl in the little Cemetary: And she has now an interest in Barium Home, she never had before. We hope she will often return to us, meanwhile let us keep green the sod above our dear sleeping children.

Washington's Birthday.

The 22nd of February is the never to be forgotten day with our children, for on that day was born George Washington who is well called "the Father" of his country. Our flag was very much in evidence in the school rooms, and hatchets too, for our children had made souvenirs of pasteboard in the shape of a hatchet for they never forget the story of Washington and the cherry tree. We fear that we have not many George Washington's among our boys for few of them would stand the test, if they had tried a new hatchett on a cherry tree, and were asked to "own up." Boys try to be like Washington. a truthful boy.

One Missionary Societies Plan

The Church at Lenoir has been interested in Barium Springs ever since miss Emma Rankin and her school undertook the clothing of little Irene Leslie, almost twenty years ago; but, of course we never did half what we should.

This cold winter when we could hardly keep our own homes warm even with a big coal pile and plenty of stoves and grates, some of us have not slept good at night because we remembered that, even in moderate weather, Barium was not adequately heated. That when the laundry or wood saw was running Rumple Hall, where the school rooms are, just had to go cold. We thought of the cottages warmed with stoves and lighted with kerosene lamps, and more than one among us prayed. —O, Lord, don't have to burn up some of those little children to wake us up to the necessity of giving them safe heat and light.

One of these mothers had an inspiration after her prayer. She took the roll of the Woman's Society and sent it to Barium with the request that some child there be allowed to write a personal letter to each member: and that a teacher would write to the society telling what she considered the most pressing needs of the Orphanage.

The letters came promptly —well written, well expressed and sparkling with originality. They were from the older thoughtful girls, telling of their work and of their future plans; from the girls of ten or twelve full of what Santa Claus had brought them; from the fifth and sixth grades whose thoughts were centered on rabbit traps, ann sliding down hilll. and the trials of kicking cows, and what fun it was to snow ball the girls "when they got too sassy;" and from the little tots in the first grade "who just love Miss McAllister and Miss Miller," and who each had a dollie at Christmas,

The girls who do the cooking at the Infirmary wrote of how much they had learned about caring for the sick, and how much they liked to cook, but they did not so much as hint that the Infirmary stove was utterly and hopelessly worn out. The kitchen squad told how many pans of biscuits and what quanities of bread they made at a time, but did not suggest that the oven was far too small for the making of bread for two hundred people, or that the rice and grits often had to be served half cooked because there was not enough room on the stove to allow its being kept there until it was throughly done.

We only learned through the teacher's letter that all the cook ing faculities are pitifully inadequate.

Do the Church people know, I wonder, that the big stand pipe burst in the recent freeze, and so did the pumps? That even before that calamity, there never had been money enough to install bath tubs or closets? That the building were wired for lights, but there is no money to buy fixtures? That the farmer is nearly handicapped for lack of good barns for the stock, and to house his crops?

Women do not work well with generalities, so the Lenoir Society determined to concentrate their energies towards a fund for a new range for the infirmary. And If some other society wants to join us in the good work, we will give them the glad hand; for Barium needs that stove right now, and we are only a little band, and must work for the money, so we can't buy it for a good many weeks to come. And you good Presbyterian mothers, when you tuck your baby up warm tonight, turn the cover back a little from your husband's feet, so that he may wake with a realizing sense of how cold it is at Rumple Hall.—Peesbyterian Standard.

A Psalm of David.

David has left no sweeter Psalm than the twenty-third. It is but a moment's opening of his soul; but, as when one, walking in the winter street, sees the door opened for some one to enter, and the red light streams a moment forth, and the forms of gay children are running to greet the comer, and genial music sounds, though the the door shuts and leaves the night black, yet it cannot shut back again all that the eyes, the ear, the heart and the imagination have seen—so in this Psalm, though it is but a moments opening of the soul, are emitted truths of peace and conlation that will never be absent from the world. The twenty-third Psalm is the nightingale of the Psalms. It is small, of a homely feather, singing shyly out of obscurity; but, oh! it has filled the air of the whole world with melodous joy, greater than the heart can conceive. Blessed be the day on which that Psalm was born! What would you say of a pilgrim commissioned of God to travel up and down the earth singing a strange melody, which, when one heard, caused him to forget whatever sorrow he had? And so the singing angel goes on his way through all lands, singing in the language of every nation, driving away trouble by the pulses of the air which his tongue moves with divine power. Behold just such an one! This pilgrim God has sent to speak in every language on the globe. It has charmed more griefs to rest than all the philosophy of the world. It has remanded to their dungeon more felon thoughts, more black doubts, more thieving sorrows, than there are sands on the seashore. It has comforted the noble host of the poor. It has sung courage to the army of the disappointed. It has poured balm and consolation into the heart of the sick, the captives in dungeons, of widows in their pinching griefs, of orphans in their loneliness.

Dying soldiers have died easier as it was read to them; ghastly hospitals have been illuminated; It has visited the prisioner, and broken his chains, and, like Peter's Angel, led him forth in imagination. and sung him back to his home again. It has made the dying Christian slave freer than his master, and consoled those whom, dying, he left behind mourning, not so much that he was gone, as because they were left behind and could not go too. Nor is its work done. It will go singing to your children and my children, and to their children, through all the generations of time; nor will it fold its wings till the last pilgrim is safe, and time ended; and then it shall fly back to the bosom of God, whence it issued, and sound on, mingled with all those sounds of celestial joy which make heaven musicial forever.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The Day Is Dark.

The day is dark my father, everywhere,
Gloom hangs a veil, o'er heav'n and earth, and sea.
All nature seems this qualmish gloom to share.
At such a time, we only look to Thee.

Where should we go, when arching skies are dark,
And earth is shadow'd by a gloom like night,
And seas are tossing many a struggling bark?
But to the Master; who commands the light.

When dark days come, ah! we forget the sun,
That shone so brightly only yesterday.
And we forget the journey's we have won.
Sigh and complain, that sunshine does not stay.

There's not a day so dark, it has no light.
The storm so fearful, it shall drift away.
Beyond the darkness is the sunshine bright.
Beyond the gloom, shines an eternal day.

Wm. LAURIE HILL
Barium Springs, Feb 22nd 1912

PERSONAL ARITHMETIC

The boy that by addition grows,
And suffers no subtraction,
Who multiplies the things he knows,
And carries every fraction,
Who well divides his precious time,
The due proportion giving—
To sure success aloft will climb,
Interest compound receiving.
—Rav Palmer.

In actual life, as a general rule, it is the common, not the uncommon, person who does noble things.

Can You Guess These.

When is a pie a poet? When it is browning.

When can we send no more dispatehes to Washington? Becavse he is dead.

Why is the letter Y like a young spendthrift? Because it makes pa pay.

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Blue Ridge Lime Co., Fletcher, N. C.
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Yours truly, Frank H. Fleer. [Signed]
Mr. Fleer has used 2200 bags of the 25000 bags we have ground for our farmers this season. Order right now any quantity you may want and let the sweetening of your soil be going on this winter. A home product at low price.
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The Corner for Smiles

Geography class, red headed boy (scratching his head) Teacher asks, "Sammy where is the Cape of Good Hope?" "In mammy's bureau drawer marm; I heard her say to dad tother day, she had good hope this was the last winter she'd wear it."

"Go up head Sammy."

An Arkanass judge had convened court in one of the towns on his circuit, when it was found that no pens, ink or paper had been provided, and upon inquiry it came out that no county funds were available for the purpose.

The judge exclaimed somewhat forcefully, then drew some money from his own pocket. He was about to hand it to the clerk when a visiting lawyer, a high-priced, imported article brought on to defend a case of some importance, spoke up in a voice plainly audible over the room.

"Well!" with infinite contempt, "I've seen some pretty bad conditions, but this—well, this is the limit."

"You are fined $5 for contempt, sir!" thundered the judge. "Hand the money to the clerk."

When the eminent lawyer had humbly complied, the judge turned to the clerk.

"Now, Mr. Clerk, go out and get what pens, ink and papers the court may require, and if there is any change left over you may give it to the gentleman."—Selected.

"What is it, do you suppose, that keeps the moon in place and prevents it from falling?" asked Araminta.

"I think it must be the beans," replied Charlie, softly.—Shelbourne Falls Messenger.

Hicks—Literary family the Greensmiths. The daughter writes poetry that nobody will print, the son plays that nobody will act and the mother novels that nobody will read.

Wicks—And what does the fathers write?

Hicks—Oh, he writes checks that nobody will cash.

Boys have a great advantage over girls in wearing hats which may be taken off on the instant. So when they meet a friend on the street, or pass mother, sister or Sunday-school teacher they have no excuse for failure to be polite. The boy who does not lift his hat when he meets and salutes a friend on the road, is extremely uncivil. Not to remore the hat from the head when in the house is to be very impolite. One should lift his hat in token of respect to older people and to any person with whom he stops to speak when outdoors.

The best remedy for a sick church is to put it on a missionary diet."

"They call us fanatics, but I would rather be a fanatic than a corpse."

"Love never asks how much must I do, but how much can I do?"

"The dynamic that is to save the world is a heart motor."

"You might as well try to cure smallpox by scenery as to try to save the world by improvement of environment."

Crops Among Peach Trees

After peach trees are planed good plan to harrow the land to make it level and ready for planting with corn. For peaeh trees tow yeare with cultivated crop is enough, however; the third year they should have all the ground for themselves. The first year the whole lot may be planted, but after that it is best to omit putting in anything on the tree-rows that run north and south. This will give the sun a better chance to get at the trees. Other things may be planted such as strawberries or currants, or any hoed crop. The principail object is to put in a crop requiring frequent cultivation. Currants should not be planted among peach trees, since they will live for a number of years and greatly injure a good peach crop.

"You're a saving cuss, Banks. Have you anything to retire on?"

Sure! I've got a dandy hair mattress!"—Ex.

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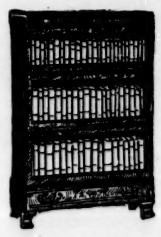

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